

7-20
PORTRAITS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN MURDERED BY THE KAISER

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

BERLIN RINGS JOY BELLS OVER THE BUTCHERY OF THESE
BRITISH BABES ON ENGLAND'S EAST COAST.

WHOLE PAGE P. 16754A



George Dixon, aged fourteen, killed.



Margaret Dixon, aged eight, killed.



Joseph Dixon, aged thirteen, wounded.



Albert Dixon, aged seven, killed.

These are four members of one family, of the name of Dixon, which has been wiped out by the German guns.



John Squires, fifteen years, killed.



Mrs. Hannah Arnold, killed, and her little daughter, who is injured.



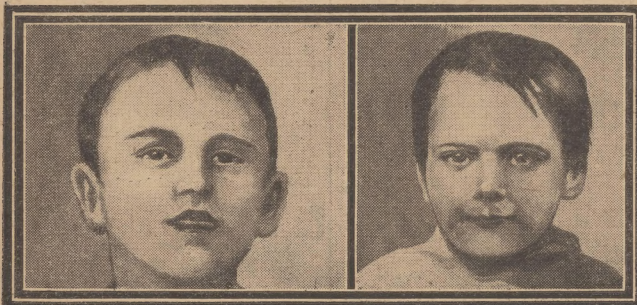
Peter Whitecross, killed.



Miss Cause, of Hartlepool, killed.



John Whitecross, six years, wounded.



Stanley Walker and Albert Walker, killed.



Wilfred Cook, aged eight, and Harold Cook, aged eleven, killed.

These are some of the innocent victims of the German Navy's "great victory" when it bombarded Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. Joy bells are ringing now in Berlin, and the Kaiser's capital is brave with flags and triumphal banners over the

deaths of these little children, who have perished to show the world how "frightful" Germany can make war. The Kaiser's guns did great execution, for whole families of children have been destroyed by the navy that runs from our fleet.

LONDON A CITY OF WOMEN SHOPPERS.

Mothers and Sisters Busy Buying Christmas Gifts for Front.

FARE FOR THE LARDER.

Germans who picture London at the present time a dreary, desolate city, with the fear-stricken inhabitants living in cellars, should pay a visit to the shopping centres of the West End just now.

The war has given a remarkable stimulus to Christmas shopping; never have the crowds at the big stores been so huge or the buying so brisk. The rain does not diminish the crowds or their enthusiasm.

A tour of the big West End shops was made by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, and everywhere there were crowds of busy shoppers. Oxford-street and Regent-street were so packed during the afternoon that one could only walk along at snail's pace.

As regards Christmas fare, there will be turkeys and pheasants, and hares and prime Scotch beef, and Southdown mutton and dairy-fed pork for all and to spare. And for once in a way it is all, or nearly all, British.

GREAT CIGAR PUZZLE.

Almost every woman abroad yesterday was intent on Christmas present-buying—and it was not the careless, inconsequent business of other years.

Everywhere one overheard remarks such as: "I'm sure he would like this," "Do you think he would care for this woollen waistcoat?" or "Does Jim smoke a pipe or cigarettes?—I can't remember."

Practically all women shoppers were buying presents for their men folk—husbands, brothers, sons, uncles, cousins—who are now serving with the forces. And the feminine world was engaged in problems which it has rarely had to tackle before.

The buying of cigars, cigarettes and pipes was one of the most puzzling questions for women shoppers. Here is a little conversation overheard at Selfridge's:

A fashionably-dressed woman was buying cigars

"for her brother at the front."

"How ridiculously dear they are!" she was saying to the salesman. "I thought you could get really beautiful cigars for a penny each—and you want to charge me sixpence! And these here, you say, are actually a shilling each. They all look exactly the same!"

Pipes, waistcoats, mufflers, socks and other men's goods also led to a good deal of discussion on the part of fair shoppers.

In the toy bazaars the women were more at home, but even here the great majority of toys seemed to be "military," and small sons were more difficult to please than ever. The old regulation Christmas toys which children had, as a matter of course, now no longer pleased them.

At Harrod's Stores, Peter Robinson's and other big London shops there were the same record busy scenes as at Selfridge's.

TURKEY'S PRIDE OF PLACE.

There have not been such shortages for years. *The Daily Mirror* was told in Leadenhall Market yesterday.

It was an exceptional breeding season, and now the best birds are fetching up to 2s. 2d. a pound. And they are all English and Irish.

Usually a goodly proportion of the smaller and cheaper birds in the London markets at Christmas come from England, but the demand has been effectively closed to them this season, and it is British turkeys for British homes.

Pheasants were rather scarce when the season opened. Many people were away, and others hadn't the heart to shoot.

But they are coming in well now, and at anything from 4s. 6d. to 7s. a brace you can buy all British Christmas pheasants.

The best of beef may be a trifle dearer than last year, but only a penny or so a pound at the outside.

Mutton has been dear to buy in the country, but the supplies of prime Dutch mutton have kept the prices down in the markets.

Generally the best Dutch mutton goes to Germany, but they have not had it this autumn.

As one of the traders in Smithfield said: "There's such a thing as an English sovereign, and that's what the German's don't get, or cannot spare, and the Dutch were not taking paper money, so they sent their mutton over here."

There may be a shortage after Christmas, but I doubt it, and if people wish to spend their money on the best of good fare this Christmas they can get it better than ever and at practically peace rates.

CARLISLE'S RECORD FLOODS.

The heaviest floods since 1803 occurred yesterday at Carlisle in the River Eden and its tributaries. The small River Petteril, which rises near the Saddleback, in the Lake District, came down in especially heavy volume.

At Carlisle it was the heaviest flood for the low-lying land for nearly one-third of a mile, its normal width being twenty yards.

Serious flooding was reported yesterday in the Reading area owing to the rapid rise through heavy rains of the River Thames, Kennet and Loddon. Most affected were the areas between Burghfield and Theale and between Sonning and Shiplake.

"NOT A FAIR GAME," SAY CHILDREN.

Scarborough Boy's Rabbits Escape from Overturned Hutch—Mystery of a Dog That Has Not Returned Home.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

SCARBOROUGH Dec. 18.—If you are a grown-up, try to imagine that you are a little boy or girl again eating your breakfast in the security of your own home.

Suddenly you hear a noise like thunder, which keeps on and doesn't stop, and there are terrible crashes of falling buildings all round you, and your mother turns white and clutches you frantically. Out of the window you see neighbours' houses collapsing like packs of cards.

What would you think about it all?

I have obtained some interesting impressions from Scarborough children on the German raid.

"HADN'T DONE ANYTHING."

All are intensely puzzled and bewildered that people should try to kill them when "they hadn't done anything."

"It wasn't a fair game"—that expresses the general view of boys and girls on the bombardment.

A small boy of about eight—an "ex-refugee" who, with his parents, has just returned to Scarborough—said: "It wasn't fair for the

"I heard a dreadful noise," she said. "Mother told me the Germans were bombarding the town. The boy Brown's rabbit-hutch was all upset, and he couldn't find his rabbits afterwards."

Another family was upset owing to the disappearance of their dog.

"The cannons started our dog was so frightened that he ran out of the house as hard as he could go," one of the junior members of the family informed me. "He went away, and we never saw him again. Oh, do you think he has been killed?"

A boy attending the Municipal School, who went early to the playground to play shortly after eight o'clock, gave a vivid account of his impressions.

"We heard the guns roaring," he said, "and bits of the bullets came falling down into the playground."

"I wasn't frightened—at least, not very frightened—and I thought it was good fun. And then the caretaker got hold of me and took me down in the cellar!"

Scarborough children have heard that there are three still little girls lying in the mortuary at the town hospital who will never laugh and sing and play again.

They cannot understand it—they simply grow round-eyed and tearful when they are mentioned.

"TAP TAP" OF THE GLAZIER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

WEST HARTLEPOOL, Dec. 18.—The "tap-tap" of the glazier can be heard on all sides in this town.

So widespread is the damage, however, that there is not enough glass to mend more than a tithe of the windows, and they are in most cases being boarded up.

One of the most extraordinary experiences of the bombardment was related to me by Mrs. Shears, of 7, Crimdon street.

AMID FLYING SPLINTERS.

"I was dressing my baby girl in the kitchen," she said, "when a shell burst in the bedroom which had just been occupied by my two boys and completely took the roof off the house."

"I heard the explosion, clasped my little one to me, and ran out into the street."

"When I recovered my senses, I found that the first finger of my right hand had been taken off and that the hand was smashed."

Two bullets had gone clean through the chair and my baby's frock was perforated with bullet-holes, but she was untouched.

My other children were also untouched, although everything in the room was broken.

"I cannot get the scream of the shells and explosions out of my ears."

"My eldest boy, who is nine years old, has been terrified ever since. The pain in my hand and arm is maddening."

NARROW ESCAPE.

A Miss Abbott, of Brougham-terrace, had just left her bedroom when a shell carried away the corner of the house.

Her bed is seen hanging over the front garden.

A little boy, terrified by the bombardment, ran out into the street and was fearfully wounded.

In one case a young woman living on the front was completely buried in her bed and yet, beyond being nearly suffocated, was unscathed.

GUARDROOM DRAMA.

Territorial Captain Court-Martialled on Charge of Assaulting a Soldier.

Before a court-martial held at Chelsea Barracks yesterday, Captain William Stapleford, 17th Reserve Battalion Company of London Regiment (Territorials), was charged with striking Private G. Hughes with a stick at the White City on December 4.

Captain H. J. Dear, adjutant of the battalion, who acted as prosecuting officer, said that on December 4 Hughes was a prisoner in the quarter guard. Accused went there to have Hughes removed into the main guard, and finding him sitting in a chair, he ordered him to stand up.

Hughes obeyed in a slow manner, and was ordered to sit down again. This he did slowly, and when Hughes again stood up and refused to sit down again the accused officer poked him in the chest with a stick. Hughes waved his arms about and said: "Come outside and do it again!" whereupon he struck him on the left wrist.

Private Hughes, giving evidence, agreed that he obeyed the orders slowly.

Prisoner's Advocate: Did you not advance towards the officer in a fighting attitude?—No.

Sergeant Onne said that Captain Stapleford appeared to have lost control of himself, while Hughes seemed to be slightly hysterical.

This closed the case for the prosecution. The accused officer, giving evidence, said Hughes failed to stand when ordered to do so, and "put his head on one side and leered."

At the fourth command he rose in a very slouching manner, leering and evidently in a malicious state. Ordered to stand again, he jumped up defiantly, and witness was apprehensive that Hughes was about to strike him. Accordingly he thrust out his stick as a guard and ordered Hughes to sit down again.

Hughes completely lost control of himself, sprang up from the seat, picked up a chair and swung it forward in his right hand.

EGYPT NOW PART OF BRITISH EMPIRE.

11,000,000 People Brought Under the Dominion of Our Flag.

KHEDIVE A FUGITIVE.

There was great jubilation all over the British Empire yesterday, when it became known that Egypt had been proclaimed a British Protectorate.

This historic step had been foreseen since the beginning of the war. It has been precipitated by the Khedive's intrigues with the Germans.

What the establishment of a British Protectorate over Egypt means will be seen from the following summary:—

1. The addition of 363,181 square miles to the British Empire.
2. A population of upwards of 11,000,000 comes under the British flag.
3. The disappearance of the nominal suzerainty of Turkey over Egypt.
4. The stopping of the annual tribute, amounting to nearly £700,000, paid to Turkey.
5. The employment, when desired, of the Egyptian Army against the Turks.
6. The total disappearance of the Turkish flag from Africa.

WANDERING EX-RULER.

A Protectorate, of course, implies a native ruler and a native Government.

At the moment Egypt has neither. The so-called Khedive is virtually deposed. He has been a fugitive since the war began, and the other day was with the Sultan at the opening of the Turkish Parliament.

The latest information of his movements was that he was in Vienna.

To-day the whole of Egypt is under British military rule.

In normal times the position of British Agent and Consul-General was that of adviser to the Egyptian Government.

The population of Egypt is made up as follows:—

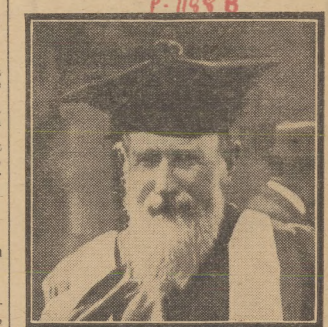
Egyptians	10,366,046
Bedouins	735,012
Nubians	65,162
Foreigners	221,139
	11,387,359

The native Egyptian Army, numbering about 17,000, is perfectly loyal.

It should be added that the suzerainty of Turkey was not again extended to the Sudan when that country was reconquered by the British and Egyptian forces.

Here the British and Egyptian flags are used together, and the territory is jointly held.

RESIGNING.



The Right Hon. Thomas Burt, the oldest of the Labour representatives in the House of Commons, is retiring from public life.

EAGER TO "AVENGE SCARBOROUGH."

A striking recruiting poster was being placarded throughout the country yesterday. The poster is headed "Avenge Scarborough," with a sub-head, "Up and at 'em now!" and is in the form of a letter.

"The wholesale murder of innocent women and children demands vengeance. Men of England, the innocent victims of German brutality call upon you to avenge them. Show the German barbarians that Britain's shores cannot be bombarded with impunity."

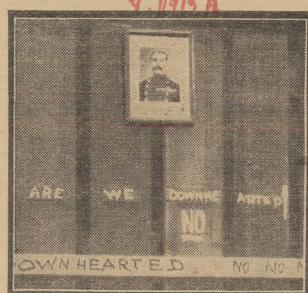
One effect of the raid has been to increase materially the number of men coming forward as recruits. This is especially the case in the area affected by the bombardment, where large numbers are daily enlisting.

RE-ENTER BIG WILLY.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 18.—The Kaiser, who has recovered from his attack of bronchitis, expects to go to the front in France within the next ten days.

His bestowal of the Iron Cross of the first and second class upon Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial Chancellor, is in recognition of his distinguished services on behalf of the Fatherland, and is expected to be made when the latter's term of office expires.

ART SHOP'S HEART.



A picture of Lord Kitchener and the inscription, "Are We Downhearted? No," have been hung on the shutters of a Scarborough art shop wrecked by a German shell.

Germans to shoot at us when 'we hadn't any guns to shoot back at them. I should like to go out and kill all the Germans."

"We must have revenge," said another youngster. "I should like to sink all their ships. My father says that we shall do that before long."

There are many little minor tragedies in the world of children which have been brought about by the bombardment—many of them not without humour.

The chief incident which impressed a small girl named Fanshawe, about ten years of age, was the loss of some rabbits owned by the boy next door.

EX-CONSUL WINS APPEAL.

Court Quashes Conviction of Man Who Was Sentenced to Death.

The appeal of the German ex-Consul at Sunderland, Nicholas Emil Hermann Adolph Ahlers, who at the Durham Assizes last week was sentenced to death for high treason, was allowed by the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday. The Court quashed the conviction.

Ahlers had been found guilty of procuring passages for German reservists to return to their country after war had been declared. He was not present in court, but was represented by Mr. Tindal Atkinson, K.C.

Mr. Tindal Atkinson argued that on Wednesday morning, August 5, when Ahlers committed the acts in question, he was ignorant that Britain had declared war on Germany.

About three o'clock in the House of Commons on that Wednesday afternoon, said counsel, the Prime Minister, in answer to a question by Mr. Bonar Law, announced that England had declared war with Germany.

Law knew before he asked the Prime Minister? If that is so, we cannot simply date the knowledge of everybody in the country from the moment the Prime Minister makes the announcement in the House of Commons.

The Lord Chief Justice pointed out, apart from the newspapers, there was the official notification in the *London Gazette*.

Counsel read the counts in Ahlers's appeal, in which he said he had never seen or heard of the *London Gazette*.

In another plea Ahlers submitted that, as affirmed by an Order in Council:

Alien enemies were entitled, or accustomed to be, allowed a certain period of grace, within which they might lawfully leave this realm and return to their own country.

The Solicitor-General said that the prisoner picked out men in the German Army and arranged with them that they should return to Germany and fight our forces.

GERMANS CLAIM TO HAVE SUNK TWO BRITISH DESTROYERS IN THE RAID

Berlin Story of "Bravery" of Ships That Dare Not Stop to Fight.

WHERE MURDER DOES NOT SEEM HEROIC.

Neutral Nations' Disgust with Sea Huns' Cowardly Attack on Defenceless Towns.

VICTIMS OF RAID ESTIMATED AT MORE THAN 400.

Germany is still rejoicing over the "bravery" of its seamen, who bombarded English coast towns and were too afraid to remain behind to fight.

The German official account of the raid on the East Coast claims that two British destroyers were sunk.

The British Press-Bureau has no information regarding this report.

It is also stated in Berlin that a battleship took part in the exploit, and that all the warships engaged returned safely to port.

The total casualty list is believed to be 461, but it is feared that those bodies are still under the wreckage at the Hartlepool. Many of the injured may succumb.

The Makers of Hartlepool and West Hartlepool are asking the Admiralty to institute an early inquiry into the disastrous bombardment.

The German official account of the raid does not mention the return of the ships, but states that they received "slight damage" from the coast batteries at Hartlepool, which "were silenced" by fire from the warships.

HUNS CLAIM TO HAVE SUNK TWO DESTROYERS.

Official Berlin Story of Raiding Cruisers Which Were Only Slightly Damaged.

The following Berlin statement that two British destroyers were sunk during the raid on Scarborough is not confirmed by the Press Bureau:—

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 18.—An official statement from Berlin says:—

"The following details are reported regarding the raid on the English east coast: 'When approaching the English coast our cruisers were attacked without success by four British destroyers in misty weather.

"One destroyer was sunk and another disappeared seriously damaged.

The batteries at Hartlepool were silenced and the gasometer destroyed.

"Several explosions and three big fires could be observed.

The coastguard station and waterworks of Scarborough and the signal and coastguard station at Whitby were destroyed. Our ships were only slightly damaged by the coast batteries.

"At another place a British destroyer was sunk."—Central News.

WHEN STEEL JAWS CLOSE

PARIS, Dec. 17.—"Of no military importance" is the verdict here on the German descent on the East Coast.

This massacre of civilians in open towns is regarded as adding but another to the long list of German outrages. The *Times* says:—

It is difficult to see a military side to the exploit. It can only be considered as an act of barbarism without profit to its author.

It is true that the destruction of Admiral von Spee's squadron ruined German naval prestige. The German fleet was thus obliged to do something to show that it was still alive.

It has done so by brutally shedding the blood of harmless beings in violation of the laws of war.—Reuter.

AVENGE THE INSULT.

PARIS, Dec. 17.—The *Intransigeant* says that the attack was the result of pressure exercised by German industrial leaders, who for long complained of the fleet's inactivity, which was really the work of the Prussian military caste. The British Navy is ready for all contingencies, and the crews are full of Nelson's spirit.

The *Liberte* says such audacity is likely to be costly. "England will very certainly avenge the insult. The Kaiser's ships, which have thrown themselves into the wolf's mouth, may remain there."—Central News.

FAIRY TALES FOR FRITZ.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 18.—The *Koelnische Zeitung* says: "After all this attack will bring home to the English the fact that their great fleet is unable to protect them from warlike operations. 'Their insular seclusion certainly has the effect of rendering it difficult to make their

country a theatre of war, although in this respect future events must be awaited."—Reuter.

AMERICAN DISGUST.

NEW YORK, Dec. 18.—In an editorial article the *Tribune* says:—

"Civilized opinion everywhere will share the indignation of the British public at the bombardment of undefended coast towns by German cruisers.

As actual such wanton attacks were made without any discernible military purpose, and civilians were the only sufferers. Such ruthlessness will come home to roost.

The *New York Times* says:—"The massacre of non-combatants has not only shocked the people of other nations, but has aroused a world-wide feeling of angry resentment, which cannot fail to be prejudicial to Germany."—Reuter.

SCARBOROUGH INQUEST.

The inquest was opened at Scarborough yesterday on seventeen victims of the German bombardment.

The coroner, in opening the inquiry, said there had never before in this country been such a tragedy as that caused by an enemy who thought it proper to make an attack which was entirely contrary to the rules of civilized nations.

The coroner said that troops at Scarborough, but the town was not a protected or fortified town. This war had not been conducted in the way that wars were generally carried on by civilized nations.

He thought the Germans practically admitted that they had set aside rules which were generally considered by all countries as contrary to war.

Therefore, in this case a great many lives were sacrificed.

It was impossible for the jury to come to any other conclusion than that the enemy knew the town was not protected.

Such an attack had never been made by the British.

It might be that the effect desired by the enemy was to strike terror into the inhabitants, and, on the other hand, have the effect of inspiring confidence among our own people. The coroner said they heard a great deal about the culture of Germany, but this was a kind of culture of which he did not think other nations would approve.

The British Fleet had a great deal to do, and probably the ships had at the time something more important to do than watching defenceless places.

The jury, expressing the view that the attack was "murderous," returned, in the case of John Hall, on the coroner's direction, a verdict that deceased was "killed by bombardment."

BRITONS' COOL COURAGE IN GERMAN AMBUSH.

Warned of Trap by Single Rifle Shot—Two Hours Under Enfilade Fire.

CAPETOWN, Dec. 17.—Reuter's special correspondent with the forces operating against German South-West Africa, telegraphing from Chankabak, thirty miles east of Luderitzbucht, reports that Du Toit's Mackenzie came into contact with the enemy early in the morning of December 16 at Garub, which is an important place, as it possesses an underground supply of good water, the first of such water as is met with on land from Luderitzbucht.

There was no sign of the Germans until our scouting parties approached the kopje commanding the station from the south. Then the Germans opened a furious enfilade fire from rifles and three machine guns. The fire was maintained for well over two hours.

A single rifle shot, probably an accidental one, had prepared our men for their reception. They made good use of such cover as the bare, undulating ground afforded, and all hands behaved with marked coolness.

About half-past nine considerable German reinforcements were seen rapidly approaching, and our men thereupon withdrew, returning safely to camp.—Reuter's Special.

HORSES FOR CONQUEROR.

PASTORIA, Dec. 17.—General Botha was to-day presented with two horses as the result of a shilling subscription organised by the newspaper *Transvaal Leader*.—Reuter.

GENERAL BOTHA TO ATTACK GERMANS.

CAPETOWN, Dec. 17.—Apart from the rounding up of two or three stray bands, the rebellion is ended.

General Botha left for Standerton this afternoon to spend a few days on his farm. After Christmas he will enter upon the campaign in German South-West Africa.

General Botha to-day said he considered that now the rebellion was over no fear need be entertained of a recrudescence of the trouble.

The one thing now needful—and on this General Botha lays great stress—is that all sections of the loyal population, Dutch and English alike, should abstain from words or actions which might exacerbate feeling. He says, in effect, "Let the dead past bury its dead."

Turning to the task which lies ahead, General Botha said:—

"Now that German territory has become a refuge for Maritz and the other rebels, it is more than ever necessary that we should persist in our operations there. We cannot tolerate the existence of a nest of outlaws on our frontier, a menace to the peace of the Union."—Reuter's Special.

FRENZY IN BERLIN OVER "VICTORY IN POLAND."

German Claim To Have Won "Most Gigantic Battle in History."

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 17.—According to a Berlin telegram, the report of a German victory in Poland has been received in the capital with great enthusiasm.

The German and Austrian flags were displayed in thousands all over the city, and the church bells rang.

General von Hindenburg is once again the popular hero.

The newspapers in Berlin this evening are pouring out a stream of wild and fantastic comment on the news from Poland.

The *Lokalanzeiger* writes:—

Never since this old earth has had a history such a gigantic battle been fought. Seldom in centuries has there been an event of such decisive importance.

The battle in Poland will be classed among the historic victories of the first rank. It will be mentioned in the same breath with the battles of Salamis and Leipzig.

The *Berliner Tageblatt*, after an eulogy of the bravery and tenacity of the troops, proceeds:—

"This victory and the defeat of the Russians is particularly significant because Russia threw all her force into the scale in order to win the victory.

"Politically the victory will have a wide importance, especially with the Balkan States. If one or other of these States counted on Russian assistance, it will now recognise the vanity of the hope. With victory in the West of Polish theatre, the campaign in the eastern theatre of war is for the greatest part decided."—Reuter.

RUSSIANS REPORT VIGOROUS PURSUIT.

PETERSBURG, Dec. 17.—The following bulletin is issued by the Russian Headquarters:—

"In the direction of Maava our cavalry and advanced detachments are vigorously pursuing the defeated German troops, a large number of whom have crossed the frontier. During the pursuit we captured prisoners, several guns and other war material.

"On the left bank of the Vistula, as well as in Western Galicia, there was no engagement of importance yesterday.

"In the course of last week the garrison of the fortress of Przemyśl attempted many sorties. We repulsed them all, and inflicted great losses on the garrison.

"During one sortie on the 15th we captured some hundreds of prisoners and machine-guns."—Reuter.

GERMAN CRUISER SUNK.

PETERSBURG, Dec. 17.—The German armoured cruiser Friedrich Karl was sunk during the last sortie in the Baltic. Two-thirds of her crew perished, but 200 were rescued.—Reuter.

The Friedrich Karl was one of two armoured cruisers of the Prince Adalbert class launched in 1902. She had a displacement of 9,050 tons and carried a complement of 557. She was armed with four 8.2-in. guns, ten 5-in., ten 15½-pounders, ten 1-pounder and four Maxims.

SERBIA'S VENGEANCE ON BRUTAL CONQUERORS.

How Proud Austrian Advance Became Retreat—Chair and Pole "Executions."

A terrible account of Austrian barbarity in Serbia, quoted by the Exchange, is given by Mr. W. G. Shepherd, an American correspondent, who has just arrived in London from the Austrian front in Serbia. He tells also a vivid story of the Austrians' retreat.

"The Austrians on November 15," he says, "jubilation took the correspondents of several papers and agencies into Serbia in order to show them how the Serbian lines had been driven back.

"We traversed 150 miles in the north-west corner of Serbia and passed through eighteen towns which were utterly deserted. In every town we saw only one or two walls riddled with bullets which had been used for the purposes of execution.

"The Austrian and Hungarian officers denied that they executed women, but admitted the execution of hundreds of men. One Hungarian officer proudly showed me a sickle pole from which he said he stretched a rope which he fixed round the neck of a Serb sitting on a chair. Then, snatching away the chair, he let him to swing. The victims usually died within eight or ten minutes.

"The Austrians promised with great jubilation on November 25 to take us to Belgrade, but their plans were suddenly changed. The Austrians developed into an utter rout. Many officers became insane. The day on which we departed was very stormy, and a terrible blizzard was raging, the roads being rendered almost impassable.

"When I left Vienna on December 4 I was being deluged out to the inhabitants in 15lb. lots, and so eagerly was being seized that many of the citizens were carrying it to their homes in taxicabs and carriages.

Criticism of Germany is merciless in Vienna, where they think Germany has not given them sufficient help. The Hungarians upbraid the Austrians for making them bear the brunt of the Serbian onslaughts.

FOE'S STRONGHOLD IN FRANCE THREATENED.

Allies in a Splendid Offensive Gain Trenches in La Bassée Region.

CHEERING NEWS.

The news from over the water is distinctly cheering.

It is clear from the French communiqué given below that the Allies in France are conducting a very vigorous and successful offensive.

The fiercest fighting is no doubt in the region of La Bassée, which position—Sir John French, in his last dispatch dealing with the Ypres-Arrmentieres battle, stated—throughout the great battle "defied all attempts at capture, either by the French or British."

Now we learn that several trenches, notably in front of Auchy-les-la-Bassée, only a mile and a quarter south-west of La Bassée, the German "stronghold," have been captured.

At Blangy, which is less than two miles from Arras, the German front line of trenches over a distance of 1,100 yards have been carried.

The attack of the Allies, therefore, is clearly making very creditable headway, despite the modest tone of the communiqué.

TRENCHES OVER FRONT OF 1,100 YARDS TAKEN.

Allies Capture the First Line of Earthworks from the Germans at Blangy.

PARIS, Dec. 18.—This afternoon's official communiqué says:—

Yesterday afternoon was marked, as we stated yesterday, by a progress on our part in Belgium, where all the counter-attacks of the enemy failed.

In the Arras district a vigorous offensive made us masters of several trenches in front of Auchy-les-la-Bassée, Loos, St. Laurent and Blangy.

At the latter point we carried nearly the whole of the enemy's first line trenches over a front of more than a kilometre.

In the district of Tracy-le-Val, on the Aisne, and in Champagne our heavy artillery gained a clear advantage.

In the Argonne the Germans blew up one of our trenches to the north of Le Four de Paris and tried to debouch from it with three battalions.

This attack and another that they made at St. Hubert were repulsed.

To the east of the Meuse and in the Vosges there is nothing to report.—Reuter.

Auchy, says Reuter, is only a mile and a quarter south-west of La Bassée.

Loos is two and a half miles north-north-west of Lens.

St. Laurent and Blangy are less than two miles eastward of Arras.

WHAT GERMANS SAY.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 18.—The following official report was issued in Berlin this morning from the German Main Headquarters:—

The battle near Nieuport continues favourably, but no decision has yet been reached.

French attacks between La Bassée and Arras on both sides of the Somme failed with severe losses to the enemy.

On the Somme the French lost 1,200 prisoners and at least 1,800 dead. Our own losses were under 200.

In the Argonne Forest our successful attacks resulted in the capture of some 750 prisoners and some war material.

In Poland we are still pursuing further the enemy, who continues to give way.—Reuter.

ZEPELIN OVER FLANDERS.

A message to the *Amsterdam Telegraph*, says an Exchange special message, states that the battle of the Yser was continued yesterday, that the sound of naval guns would be heard and that a Zeppelin was seen over Flanders.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT.

AMSTERDAM, Dec. 18.—An official Constantinople dispatch published here states that Russian troops, supported by guns and machine guns, attempted to advance along the left bank of the Chourkh River, but were repulsed after a five hours' battle near Sarai which ended favourably for the Turks.

Turkish cavalry came into contact with the enemy nine and a half miles west of Kotour, and attacked without success, but were repulsed after arriving. The Russians were driven back and dispersed in the direction of Kotour.—Central News.

Official war reports should be accepted with caution. They have on many occasions proved to be mere inventions circulated under German directions.

HOODED MAN, A SUSPECTED SPY, CAUGHT BY THE FRENCH.



A suspect being brought through the French lines after having been discovered in a suspicious position near the French artillery. His head is enveloped in a sack, so that he may not see anything en route.

EGYPT'S HIGH COMMISSIONER.



Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur and Lady McMahon. Now that Egypt has been proclaimed a British protectorate, Sir Arthur has been appointed as his Majesty's High Commissioner for Egypt.

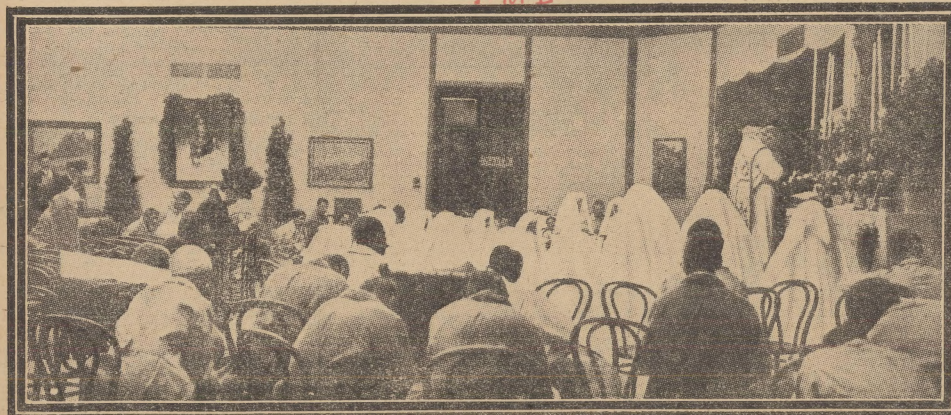


SAVED BY KNIFE.



Gunner Ruppensburg, R.F.A., was struck by German shrapnel. A pocket-knife saved his life.

MASS CELEBRATED IN AN ART GALLERY AT VIENNA.



Since the outbreak of war it has been a custom in Vienna to celebrate Mass in several of the art galleries. Most of the art students have, of course, gone to the front.

WHITELEYS FUR COATS

at Special Prices
for Xmas Gifts



Elegant Seal Coney Coat, lined with rich Silk. Newest cut and design. Exceptional value.

Special Price, 8½ Gns.



Smart Coat, in Mole Squirrel Fur, lined throughout with Silk. Latest shape with adjustable collar.

Special Price, 5 Gns.

WM. WHITELEY LTD

By Special Appointment to H.M. The King.

Queen's Road, London, W

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1914.

BOMBS AND BABIES.

WE PUBLISH this morning pictures of many of the victims of the East Coast raid upon Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby. They make a significant illustration of the "great achievement" which Berlin claims as another proof of the "gallantry" of their Navy.

It will be seen that this "gallantry" has largely exercised itself upon babies and small children—in some cases the hazard of a shell has picked out several children from the same family. Berlin, we may be sure, will regard this with satisfaction, and the now familiar Potsdam military moral will be pointed. "They at least will not be able to fight Germany when they grow up."

When the committee, just appointed by Mr. Asquith to report upon German breaches of international law, gets to work, it would be instructive if it were to draw up a list of the women and children whom Prussia can boast of having killed by bomb or bayonet during this war.

In any war, it may be true to say that the innocent must inevitably pay toll together with the combatants; we have never sought to praise war, for that, as for many other reasons: but it is not customary for one side or the other to get itself a reputation for deliberate slaughter of defenceless non-combatants. In the European confusion, with all things falling about us, some even of the fighting heads keep cool and make distinctions. The Prussian device is to make distinctions with the rest: but not, be it observed, in the way of sparing and withholding the hand from the weak. On the contrary, a terrorising of the weak is a special part of Prussian policy. It dates, as an explicit tradition, at least from Bismarck's time, and it is being applied here in the twentieth century by a people carefully trained to its application. Those pictures of chance-hit babies are the latest comment upon it.

And the incomprehensible thing to other nations, and especially to neutrals, must be that the Germans fail to see how their Belgian and coast-bombarding exploits are far from accomplishing the purpose they doubtless expect them to accomplish.

It is expected that this trumpety war-frightfulness will induce peace, will terrorise civilians, will break resistance. Not a bit of it! Resistance is thereby daily reinforced. Baby-murder brings recruits here. Over there, in Belgium, war-frightfulness, far from slackening resistance, merely embittered it—made it desperate, determined. War-frightfulness, theoretically supposed to end wars swiftly, puts, on the contrary, impassable barriers between one side and the other, and causes the side that suffers these outrages to fight on, through whatever sacrifices, till the uttermost farthing be exacted. The only result of massacring the momentarily defeated, and murdering non-combatants, is in the average heart and soul, even of the apparently ruined creature, to put that proud, Satanic thought:—

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,
And duty of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield. . .

Such, in places where Prussia passes, is the result of her presence. Do not the German psychologists deal with such elementary facts about the souls of men as this one that shows hate breeding hatred, and hatred, in turn, stimulating resistance as nothing else can? Let us assure them, if they do not know it, that they will never end this or any other war they may choose to wage merely by blowing babies to pieces with bombs.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Each one is to his brother either a rose which gives out a sweet perfume or a thorn which pricks. —Thomas à Kempis

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

CHRISTMAS LEAVE.

IT SEEMS very unfair that a few battalions stationed at the White City are only having forty hours' Christmas leave—that time starting from December 18.

Surely it could be arranged for those soldiers to have longer, especially when we hear the other battalions are having six or seven days. C. F.

THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER.

IS IT NOT time that the worn-out joke as to the impoliteness of post-office girls were consigned to the limbo of rubbishy things? Or, if it must be periodically resuscitated for the amusement of the foolish, those who find an ignorant pleasure in it should at least try the personal experience, for just one day, of a post-office employee's life. We believe that if our nation is to stand glor-

the little bit over for the male colleagues who are fighting for us.

Should not the sorry gibe be buried?

FOUR POST-OFFICE WOMEN.
A Post Office in England.

ISOLATED INSTANCES?

NO DOUBT the War Office is doing all it possibly can, and I don't want to be a grumbler, but I cannot help wondering when matters will be put right in regard to some of those very disappointed men who went into the new Army under the impression that they were going to be taught to be soldiers—that is, to shoot straight, dig trenches, and so on.

From several men of my acquaintance comes the complaint that they now know little more than they did at starting, since, for week after week, they never touch a gun and are kept exclusively at fatigue work or at such details as

THE WILLIES' WHITBY EXPLOIT AND THE RESULT.



The sole military result of such Kaiser-and-Crown-Prince exploits as shelling Abbeys and killing babies in undefended coast towns is an immense boom in recruiting over here. This is our best retaliation for the East Coast murders of this week. —(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

ously an undivided front must be presented to the enemy by those who collectively form that nation—Government and people, served and serving. We do not forget that we ourselves are public servants; we do not forget that we owe

"Daily Mirror Reflections of War and Peace," being Vol. VIII. of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, is just out. It contains more than 100 of the best of them, including many of the series of Big and Little Willies. It costs 6d. net, postage 2d. There could be no better present for people at home or at the front.

loyal duty to the State, and we strive to do that duty conscientiously.

It consists, as every thinking man knows, of a great deal more than merely handing a penny stamp in exchange for a penny or a counter! But we are also normal human beings. Each one of us has every male relative or fiancé of military age serving with the colours, whilst in "civil" service we do our own little bit and

polishing their buttons and being ready for the inspection of boots.

I venture to send you the letters of one or two men who have made this complaint. I sincerely hope they reveal only isolated instances and are not typical. R. O.

Gerrard's Cross, Bucks.

A SONG.

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell. —SHELLEY.

BRITAIN AT WAR.

Meaning of the Scarborough Bombardment for Germany and England.

A TONIC FOR GERMANY.

THE RAID upon the East Coast is typically German, for they prefer to kill innocent women and children rather than meet our Fleet in a pitched battle.

The German public required a tonic after the disastrous affair of the Falklands. Killing of women and children has provided one for them. NAVY.

NO MILITARY IMPORTANCE.

THE LOSS of our people at Scarborough and Hartlepool must not be minimised as far as our regret for them is concerned. Do not let us, however, make the Germans think they have annoyed us much. Your leader pointed out that the achievement in no way alters the situation. That is true. These schoolboy raids have no military importance. They are merely intended to reassure Berlin. M. C. E.

Cowes, Isle of Wight.

RULES FOR THE BOMBARDED.

SOME carefully drawn up rules for residents in case of a bombardment might not be a bad thing at this time.

I gather from the published accounts of what happened at Scarborough and Hartlepool that few people seemed to have any notion of what to do. Most of them seemed to herd together at the station, or else to run out into the street.

A cellar is a good place during a bombardment, as elderly Parisians can inform us. In any case it is useless to herd together in exposed places or to imagine that a glass roof affords protection from shells. L. K.

Draycot-place, S.W.

WAR AND SERVANTS.

WILL YOUR correspondent "H. F." in Wednesday's *Daily Mirror* kindly give information as to where servants are plentiful? Personally I have tried for weeks to get a "general" at £20 (weekly help given, no steps, etc., etc., only two in family), but as yet not one of the "excellent maids" has applied. Where are they? I feel sure that if "H. F." will but divulge the secret, she (or he) will make many of your readers happy. (Mrs.) B. T. LUND.

I HAVE expected someone to reply to the letter written in answer to "K." the naval officer's wife. Many women sympathise with her and quite agree with her.

Of course, she does not want to take an untrained person into her house and pay £20. One expects some training for that fee, as the servant gets well housed, well fed and cared for, and taken care of in every way.

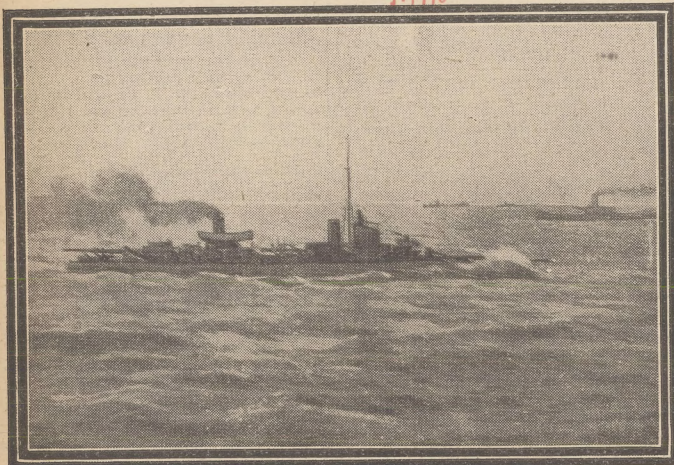
The mistress should count her as an acquisition, and should really receive a fee from her for all she has to undergo in training her. But a mistress would give always a small fee to the learner in addition to the big sum she has to pay for food, washing and other sundry expenses. Many women have no inclination to help various funds while there is such a lack of domestic servants; and there would be no need of all this relief if the women were sensible and did their duty. Where the maids do this they have every consideration and liberty from their mistresses. WENDY.

IN MY GARDEN.

DEC. 18.—There is still a good deal of tidying up to do in the garden. Lawns and paths should be carefully swept and weeded; the latter can, if necessary, be now repaired.

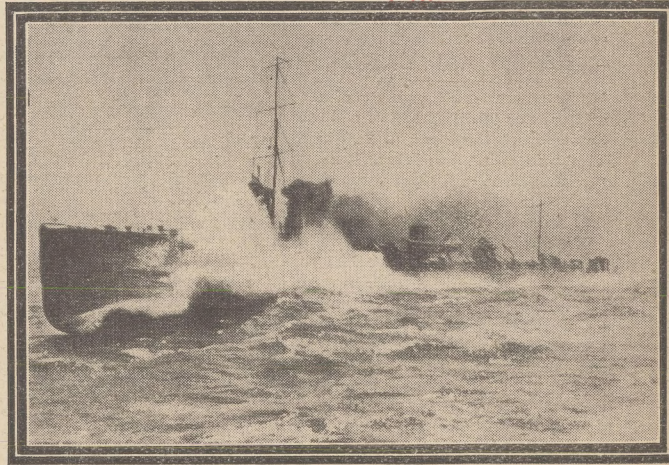
Unless the soil of a garden is of a very light nature, all planting had better be deferred until the early spring. Since roses need setting out very firmly, it is most unwise to move them when the ground is in a saturated condition. Bushes that arrive now should therefore be temporarily laid in a sheltered corner. E. F. T.

BRITISH DESTROYERS HUNT FOR THE GERMAN RAIDERS.



Our destroyers and mine-sweepers after the Germans had fled.

A flotilla of British destroyers which engaged the German fleet bombarding the East Coast. These destroyers at once communicated with a British patrolling squadron of cruisers,



British destroyers chasing the German squadron after the bombardment of Scarborough.

but the German fleet fled before our ships arrived. On their way the Germans dropped mines. Mine-sweepers went out afterwards from the British coast.

AFTERNOON MANTLE.



Afternoon gown with mantle, sable collar, skirt draped in front and back. Finished with pearls and silver.

LITTLE WILLIE'S FOUR HOPEFUL SONS.



Here are the four sons of Little Willie, the Clown Prince of Germany. Reading from right to left, Prince William, Prince Louis Ferdinand, Prince Hubertus, Prince Frederick.

A BISMARCK BOY.



Count Nicholas von Bismarck, a grandson of the great Bismarck, who is now serving in the German Army.

TO-DAY'S WEDDING.



The Hon. Mary Gardner, daughter of Lord and Lady Burghclere, to-day marries the Hon. G. H. Morley.

EVENING GOWN.



A charming evening gown from Paris white satin, with a tunic of black and gold beaded lace.

MORE BRITISH CHILDREN BUTCHERED TO MAKE A BERLIN HOLIDAY.



Albert Edward Cressey, who was killed by a shell.



Tommy Heslop, one of the killed.



Mr. Fred Swinburne was wounded at Hartlepool.



Mrs. Shears had a wonderful escape. Shell blew off a finger.



Mrs. Jackson, killed, and her daughter Florence, who is injured.

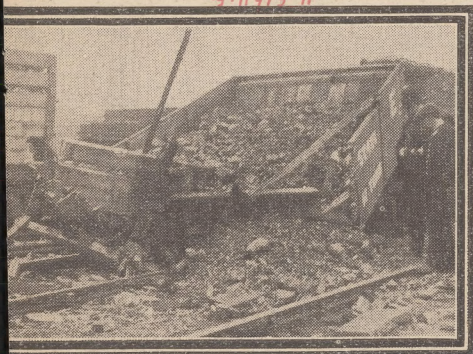
These are the portraits of further victims of the Kaiser's naval murderers, whose exploit in slaying defenceless British women and children has excited the joy and admiration of

Berlin. The German Press is enthusiastic over the "bravery" of the German Navy, and flags are flying everywhere in honour of the deaths of these women and children.

G. 11913 A

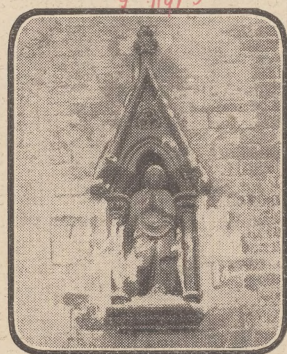
G. 11913

G. 11913



Truck, standing near the railway station at Scarborough, was destroyed by a German shell. People are hunting for shell fragments.

G. 11913 A



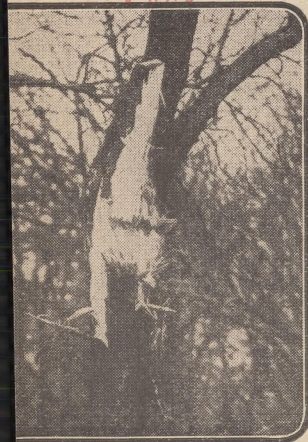
Shells missed the figure of the Blessed Mother outside St. Mary's, Hartlepool.

G. 11913



German 11in. shell, which fell into a timber yard at Hartlepool, but fortunately failed to explode, saving a dreadful conflagration.

G. 11913 A



Tree was splintered by a shell intended for the wireless station at Scarborough.



What Britishers' homes look like after a German visit. Nos. 20 and 21, Cleveland-road, East Hartlepool, that suffered complete demolition.



Chimney pot blown by German shell across road at Scarborough and poised on another.

Xmas Presents

DUNVILLE'S

V R
WHISKY



Insist on seeing:
"BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & CO., LTD."
on the Capsule and Back label.
NONE OTHER GUARANTEE GENUINE.

Put up in Bottles and Half-bottles,
in 3, 6 and 12 Bottle Cases.

FROM ALL RETAILERS.

DUNVILLE & CO., Ltd.,
Belfast or London.

Good Living for Xmas!

Cheap — Joyous — Wholesome!

Bird's Custard

is THE HOT SAUCE for the Christmas Pudding. No sauce is so easily and quickly made, and none so delicious!

Simply prepare the BIRD'S Custard in the usual way, and serve at once while HOT.

BIRD'S Custard is delicious in many other ways. Here is a delightful and inexpensive "TRIFLE."

6 Penny Sponge Cakes.
Ratafia Biscuits—4 ozs.
Sweet Almonds (chopped)—2 ozs.
Raspberry Jam—1 tablespoonful.
Double Cream—1 pint.
Custard Sugar—1 tablespoonful.
Sherry or Ratafia Wine—2 wine glass.
Brandy—half a wine glass.
and a pint of Bird's Custard.

Cut the Sponge Cakes into slices, spread each with Jam, and cover the bottom of a glass dish. Sprinkle over the preferred Raspberry Vinegar sweetened or syrup, may be used instead. Prepare the Bird's Custard and pour while hot into the dish. Sprinkle over the Chopped Almonds. Beat up the Cream and Sugar together, and heap lightly all over the top of the dish.
Decorate by sprinkling "Hundreds and Thousands" and Silver Beads and small pieces of Glacé cherries.

Bird's Blanc-Mange

gives the "Glad-Season-Look" to your dinner and supper table. In many delightful flavors (see below), each flavor true to name, and each Blanc-Mange delicious and creamy beyond compare!

Vanilla, Chocolate, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry and Almond. 1d. Pkts., 4d., & 7½d. Boxes.

Try this delicious Recipe for "RASPBERRY CREAM."

New Milk—11 pints
Sugar—15 lumps
Bird's Blanc-Mange
Powder—1 pkt.
Raspberry Flavor.

Out of 1½ pints of new Milk, take just sufficient to make the contents of the packet into a thin smooth paste when well mixed in a basin. Then boil the remainder of the Milk with ½ lb. of Sugar (or else 15 lumps) of Sugar, and, while still thoroughly boiling pour it all at once into the basin. Give the whole one or two stirs, and when quite cold fill into small glasses or turn out into a glass dish. In each case decorate by sprinkling over the surface with "Hundreds and Thousands" (obtainable at any confectioners. This gives a very pretty effect and is always a delight for children.

Bird's Spongies.

"So easy
to make!
So nice
when made!"

You can have nothing more delicious at tea-time during Christmas than the splendid Swiss Roll or Jam Sandwich made with BIRD'S Spongies. Everybody says about it—"So easy to make, so nice when made."

A single 2½d. packet makes a rich, light, and moist Swiss Roll large enough for the whole family. Recipes with every packet.

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

AMBASSADORS.—At 8.15. Mats., To-day and Thurs. 2.30.
With ARNOLD DELTIA, PLAYFAIR and MORTON.
Preceded by Miss Haskins in "THE
APOLLO.—2.30 and 8.30. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats.
CHARLES HAWTREY IN A MESSAGE FROM MARY.
COMEDY.—Evelyn, 8.15. Mats., Weds., and Sats., 2.30.
MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR IN PEG O' MY HEART.
Special Matinee, Monday, Dec. 28, at 2.30.
DALY'S, Leicester-square. To-day, at 2 and 8.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS
Production A COUNTRY GIRL (Special Reduced Prices).
DUKE OF YORK'S. Last 2 Performances.
TO-DAY at 8.30 and 8.15. CHARLES FROHMAN pre-
sents THE LITTLE MINISTER, by J. M. Barrie.
MATINEE TO-DAY, at 2.30.
GARRICK.—At 2.30 and 8. THE DOUBLE MYSTERY.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., at 2.30. (8.30 time To-night).
ARTHUR BOURCHIER and VIOLET VANBRUGH.
GLOBE.—2, 8. OSCAR ASCHÉ and LILY BRAYTON,
in MA WICKA. Mats., Thurs., Sats., at 2.
HAYMARKET. 2.30 and 8. THE FLAG LIEUTENANT.
ALLAN AYNSWORTH, ELLIS JEFFREYS, GODFREY
TEARLE. Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats. Prices, 1s. to 7s. 6d.
KINGSWAY. At 2.30 and 8. Mats., Weds., Sats.
THE DYNASTY, by Thomas Hardy.
Abridged and produced by Granville Barker.
PLAYHOUSE.—Lessa, Mr. Cyril Maude. BOXING DAY
and Twice Daily, at 2 and 8. LITTLE LORD FAUNTLE-
ROY. Box-office, 10 to 7. Tel., City 5162. Ger. 3790.
PRINCE OF WALES. MUNDAY NEXT, at 2.30 and 8, and TWICE DAILY.
Popular prices. Reserved 3s., 4s., 5s. Tel., Ger. 7422.
ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME.
by Lechmere Worrall and J. E. Harold Terry. To-
day, 8.30 and 8. MAT., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
ST. JAMES'S. HIS HOUSE IN ORDER.
By Arthur Pinero.
TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. (LAST 2 PERFORMANCES).
GEORGE ALEXANDER. IDENE VANBRUGH.
SCALA.—KINEMACOLOR. TWICE DAILY, 2.30 and 7.30.
WITH THE FIGHTING FORCES OF EUROPE.
ANIMATED WAR MAP, augmented as situations develop.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE. OUR BOYS.
TO-DAY, 3 and 8.45. Mats., Weds., Sats., at 3.
Alhambra. THE ALHAMBRA REVUE.
Varieties at 8. Revue at 8.30. Sat. Mats., at 2.30.
HIPPODROME.—DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30. New Revue,
"BUSINESS AS USUAL." VIOLET LORRAINE, UNIT
MORE, CHARLES SILVER, HARRY TATE, MORRIS
HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN POSTER.
PALACE.—GABY DESLYS IN THE PASSION SHOW
(last 2 weeks), with BASTIL HALL, HARRY TATE, MORRIS
HARVEY, AMBROSE THORNE, VIVIAN POSTER.
Gwendoline Brodren, NELSON KEYS (last 2 weeks
of THE RAJAH'S RUBY), WAR PICTURES on BIO-
SCOPE. PASSING SHOW 8.35. Varieties 8. Mats.,
Wed. and Sat., at 2.
PALADIUM.—8.10 and 9. Men, Wed. and Sat., 2.30,
8.10 and 9. THE RED HEADS, ALBERT WHELAN,
OSWALD WILLIAMS, REVENGE OF THE LIONS.
VAN BERN REAL McAVES, etc.
CRYSTAL PALACE.—The National Pleasure Resort.
Open 10 to 10. Military Band, Cinematograph, Organ
Recitals, etc. Season Tickets issued. Return fare and
admission from most London Stations. 6d.
MASKELINE and DEWANT'S MYSTERIES, St. George's
Hall, Oxford Circus, W.—Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Seats, 1s.-5s.
PUBLIC NOTICE.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD.—THE CORPORATION OF SHEF.
FIELD are prepared to ACCEPT LOANS OF £100 and
upwards, on Mortgage of the Rates and Revenues of the City,
at £3 15s. 0d. per cent. per annum, for terms of Three, Five,
or Seven Years, thereafter subject to six months' notice
at any time. Mortgages are prepared free of cost to the In-
debtor. Interest payable half-yearly on March 1st and Sep-
tember 1st. Apply JAMES W. WHIGHT, City Treasurer, No.
30, Town Hall, Sheffield.

MARKETING BY POST.
DHEASANTS' Pheasants—5s. brace; 4
1 Partridges, 4s.; 3 Hazel Hen, 5s. 6d.; 2 Wild Duck,
4s. 6d.; 3 Teal, 3s.; 3 Chickens 5s.; 3 large Turkeys, 8s. 6d.
Hare and Rabbits, 5s. 6d.; Hare and 2 Chickens, 5s. 6d.;
all carriage paid; all birds trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd.,
279 and 281, Edgeware Rd., London, W.

LUNTIN

MIXTURE N

A Blend of the Finest Tobaccos.

6d. per ounce.

2/- Quarter Pound Tins.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS,
EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also

ALDERWOOD MIXTURE 5½d. PER OUNCE

TWO HOURS MIXTURE 5d. PER OUNCE

THIS IS AN ABSORBING STORY OF LIFE AND LOVE.

THE TWO LETTERS

The Story of a Girl's Temptation.

By META SIMMINS.



New Readers Begin Here.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, a beautiful girl of twenty-two, with considerable force of character. She is liable to be affected by her emotions, but she also has a clear head, which helps to balance matters.

VALERIE CRAVEN, Sylvia's elder sister. They are very much alike to look at, but not in temperament. Valerie is worldly and selfish.

JOHN HILLIER, a quiet, strong man of thirty, who is capable of very deep affection. Anything underhand is abhorrent to him.

STANHOPE LANE, a "smart" man about town, whose sense of honour is very elastic one where his own desires are concerned.

SIR GEORGE CLAIR, a heavy, brutal type of man, with no aspirations of any kind.

SYLVIA CRAVEN, at the antique lace establishment of Mrs. Cunliffe, in Sloane-street, is being visited by Stanhope Lane, a relative of Mrs. Cunliffe. As she speaks he catches hold of the girl's wrists and draws her towards him steadily.

They are seen by Mrs. Cunliffe, who is fully aware that it is not the girl's fault, but she is white with rage and jealousy.

"I have no further use of your services, Miss Craven," she says, with tight-drawn lips.

Sick at heart and utterly miserable, Sylvia goes home to tell her sister of the photograph of a man with steadfast eyes and a calm, strong face. With a little childish impulse, Sylvia goes up to it and brushes her lips across the glass.

It is the photograph of John Hillier, to whom Valerie is engaged. For some years he has been out in India making a home for her.

To Sylvia John Hillier is the one man of all men on earth. He stands to her for all that is fine and splendid.

As she turns away she catches sight of two letters on the table. One of them, she is surprised to see, is in Valerie's writing. As she reads she gets a terrible shock. For Valerie calmly writes to say that she was married that morning to Sir George Clair.

The other letter is from John Hillier! As she reads her heart sickens within her.

John Hillier has been blinded by a blasting operation, and his work-day life is finished.

Sylvia sits there frozen with horror and pain. John Hillier blind and killed!

Then, as she sits there, a temptation speeds swiftly into her heart. She is alone and practically destitute. John Hillier is alone and wants love. She could give it—she knows now that she has always loved him. She and Valerie are alike, and their voices are very similar.

"If I come out to you, Jack," she cries, "you need never know."

On the verandah of a bungalow in Macalla, in India, John Hillier is sitting in an attitude of intense listening, as he has been sitting for many days. Suddenly he hears a faint noise. "Who's there?" he demands sharply.

"It is Valerie," says a girl's voice, almost in a whisper.

Hillier believes it to be Valerie, and the deception is kept up. Sylvia alters the whole world for him, and he finds that there is something to live for after all. A week or two passes, and they are married very quietly.

As she returns to the bungalow after the ceremony she finds an anonymous letter from Valerie. In it she says that she is on her way out to India to join Hillier. The next thing Sylvia hears, to her horror, is that Valerie has arrived, and is on her way to the bungalow.

Sylvia meets her, and after understanding that she never married Sir George Clair tells her exactly what has happened. A terrible expression comes into Valerie's eyes.

That night at dinner she tells Hillier that he is heir to a baronetcy and £20,000 a year. Sylvia at once guesses why her sister came out to India. Later Valerie tells her the true story and speaks to her privately that night. They go off together to an ancient palace.

The next thing is that Sylvia bursts into the room where Hillier is, and finds him in a dead faint, and Valerie is found dead in the ruins of the palace, apparently killed by a fall.

ALL THAT SYLVIA KNEW.

BEHIND that closed door, in the shaded room where husband and wife met after these days of tragic separation, there was little need for words.

To Sylvia, weak and terrified after her battle with the things of darkness that haunt that borderland over which her little feet had been straying, the very sight of Jack Hillier's face was enough.

"Jack." Now, as always, just that cry of his

name that was the sweetest sound on earth to her. "Jack."

As he sat down by the bedside and put his arm about her she clung to him, nestling closer, like a frightened child, and sighed with a soft content, as a child might have sighed.

"Oh, you've come at last. I was so frightened. I thought that perhaps you might never come. Jack, you don't know how frightened I was. Wasn't it silly of me?"

"Remarkably silly," Hillier's heart was almost too full for words. All that is best in the love of a man for a woman was uppermost in him now as he held this trembling little form so closely in his arms. To think that but for a chance of fate he might have lost her—that it might have been she, and not Sylvia, who lay in that little lonely grave on the broken hillside.

"I know—I know."

For a second she lay there content, her head against his shoulder, her hand in his; then, with a sudden feeble energy, she drew away from him and sat up, staring at him with flushed cheeks and fever-bright eyes.

"Yet . . . Jack, there must have been something. I am not frightened for nothing. What was it? Don't keep it from me. Dear, tell me the truth. It will be easier to bear than all these shadowy fears. I can't tell you—only, there is something, hidden away in my memory, always escaping me, yet always there—like a dreadful presence in a dark room."

"Hush! Let me tell you everything quite quietly." He held her hot hand in his own, smoothing it with his cool, strong fingers, till he felt something of his nervous tension relax.

"There's something to be sorry for—but not to be frightened about. Sylvia—"

"Sylvia!" she cried out, and caught her breath.

"Yes. Little Sylvia—do you remember how we teased her . . . hall-marked to be married?"—well, something better than that has come to her."

"Dead! Oh, no, no, no! Not that, Jack—not that!"

The agony of the cry froze the words on Hillier's lips. He felt the body he held enfolded with his arm stiffen to rigidity.

He sat, not knowing what to do or to say, and blazed himself bitterly for having, like the fool he was, disobeyed the doctor's instructions here at the very outset.

The woman, who had turned away from him, seemed to divine his thoughts. She put out her hand, touched his gently.

"Poor Jack, poor boy . . . tell me! I am a coward, but I must know all the truth."

"There is not much to know," he said simply. He could not tell her that they had looked to her to clear up the mystery that surrounded Sylvia Craven's death. Thanks to Anthony Henderson's timely presence, the matter had been more or less hushed up. There had been no inquiry.

It was simply an accident, one of those all too usual accidents that help to make India the land of sorrow that it is. That was the public opinion, so far as public opinion was in the way.

It was interested in the death of an obscure English girl in an out of the way hillside station.

But, like Henderson, he had his own thoughts and fears, though the man had never mentioned them. He saw the most conventional view of the sad happening, to each other.

"Sylvia must have slipped and fallen as she leaned against the palace wall looking over the corner of the palace. They found her there, foot—quite dead. She had not suffered at all—they tell me she looked very beautiful—as though she were asleep."

"They found her at the foot of the wall," Sylvia said.

Sylvia's hand lay inertly in that of her husband. She lay motionless, scarcely breathing. It was as though she were back again in the blaze of the Eastern moonlight, crouching on the black, beaten earth beneath the broken wall.

. . . crouching beside the white, motionless body of the dead woman who had been her sister.

Had she ever crouched so, breathless, terrified, waiting? Or was this just another of those awful waking visions that had tortured her as she lay here in this shaded room, where a strange woman, alert and watchful, with the delicate features of the East, came and went about her like a shadow?

"And—was that all?" she heard her voice ask.

"That was all—that we know," Hillier answered. "I had hoped perhaps that when you were better you might be able to tell us something more. Don't you remember? Had the accident happened when you ran back, all white and trembling, to the bungalow? Dear, it sounds brutal for me to question you. The doctor has forbidden it. But I think—I who know you so well—that you would be more at rest if the whole matter were cleared up."

"At rest," the sick girl repeated, feebly. "Jack, I shall never be at rest. I can remember nothing. Is there something I should remember? Even now—when you tell me what it was that happened—even now I still feel as though something terrible and tragic were hidden from me—just hidden by the faintest veil."

"My dear child, you simply talk like that because you have been ill. As a matter of fact, it is the most morbid of nonsense," Hillier said, decidedly. "It was a pure accident, terrible and tragic, if you will—yet an accident. I don't know how to remind you how fond I was of Sylvia. And yet, Valerie—all my sweetest and most fragrant memories of her

are of years past—in England and in the queer old town where we spent that summer together—do you remember?"

"She was more like you then, Valerie. Something had changed the child. . . . she had grown hard. Perhaps that is why the gods who must have loved her very dearly, saw to it that she suffered no more contamination from our poor earth."

Sylvia's breath came in a little dry sob. Memory was coming back to her by slow, bitterly painful degrees. For the past few days she had been wrapped about by dreams—vague and disturbing, full of that hidden, shadowy terror, yet dreams from which it had sometimes been possible to escape.

Illness had sheltered her under its white flag . . . she had forgotten that she was merely an impostor, liable to be exposed at any moment. Now she remembered this, realised that the burden of her life had been merely shifted from one shoulder to another, so to speak—she was still the same.

Now she must bend her shoulders to receive the full weight of it again.

"Valerie, dear, it's bitterly sad to have to leave her in India. But all that is vital of those we love never dies. Her spirit will be with us when we go back to England."

If he had chosen words with the deliberate intention of torturing her he could not have been more successful. In a strange way, it came to her heart. She drew away from beyond reach of his touch, huddling against the pillows, her eyes like the eyes of a hunted thing.

Those eyes that should have looked out on the world with the fearlessness of youth, as they had looked out on it that day when she stood at bay in the office of Mrs. Cunliffe's shop in Sloane-street.

"Valerie, dear, we must try to forget the tragedy of it all. We are going home—away from this land that seems to lie under a curse. Away from this house that lies under the shadow of a curse—I must have been mad to come to the place; I feel now that the time will never come when we may leave it."

He did not add the thought that was in his mind—before it claims another victim to add to its total of two young lives . . . the woman for whom it had been planned and furnished, and now Sylvia.

"We must look to the future, Valerie. A future that will be better than ever we planned—even before I was blind. For now I know that you love me—not for what I was—but for just what I am."

He laughed and quoted a tag of hackneyed verse. But his laugh woke no answering smile from the girl. Blind as he was, he was aware of that.

Into the still room these floated now and again some unfamiliar sound from the life of the East; the lower shrill cry of the water carriers; far off and mystic sounding, the muffled thrum of a native drum.

Lying there, letting those sounds weave themselves into her thoughts, Sylvia told herself that now—more than ever—she was the strange shadow of Valerie's death between them; she was her duty to tell Jack the truth. Before it was too late—before he might be shamed before his new, intimate world in England. She must tell him the truth.

Now—now—the voice of the drum beat out insistently.

"Valerie—forgive me asking you one question." Jack Hillier's voice came to her, and of her thoughts sharply. "Had there been any disagreement between you and Sylvia that night? Some sister's gift—"

"Why do you ask me? Do you think that I killed her? Is that—"

"Valerie—if you weren't ill I should think you simply hysterical, Hillier said sternly. "I wanted to know. It is quite evident that you had parted before the accident took place. But Sylvia must have gone back alone. And I wondered if she had broken away from you in a fit of petulance. That was all."

"I remember nothing," Sylvia said dully. "I would give the world for the power to remember."

The impulse to confess had died down, for—was it more to confess? A shadow, darker and more menacing than any she had yet known, seemed to be creeping up between her soul and the man she had loved better than truth and honour.

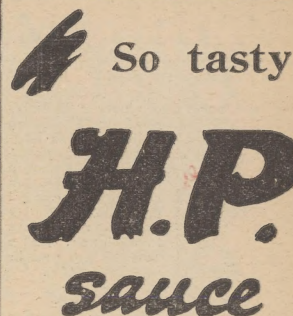
THE RETURN.

TO Sylvia Hillier, as she stood on the deck of the big steamer at Southampton, waiting to go ashore, the events of the past weeks—weeks that could be counted by months now—were like the vague, troubled remembrances of a broken dream.

India, the bungalow at Napur . . . Mrs. Henderson, with her gentle, fawn-like ways; the big, almost gross-looking man who had counted the world well lost for love of her . . . even the green grave on the hillside . . . all these were memories that had receded farther and farther away with each turn of the screw of the ship that was ploughing towards England.

Her illness was in some degree responsible for this blurring of her memory. Sylvia had never completely recovered from the effects of the nervous breakdown that had come upon her the night of Valerie's death. The effects of that death upon her had been so terrible that she strove, so far as she was capable of doing so, to forget all that she knew of it.

(Continued on page 11.)



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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

The Man Who Made the Queen Laugh.

Do you remember that very charming picture we published of Queen Mary at the Earl's Court Exhibition two years ago? The Queen was making a tour of "Shakespeare's England" in a wheeled chair, and she was photographed stopping to look at a merry man in the stocks. The man figure that Her Majesty was roaring with laughter. The "yoke!" in the stocks was roaring, too.



The man who made the Queen laugh.

Private J. Ellis, of the 2nd Lincolns. He asks me to send him a copy of that photograph—a photo of myself in the stocks making Queen Mary laugh. He has been to the front, been wounded, and now lies in hospital at Bristol. I am sending him the photograph to-day, and I would like to congratulate him now on "doing his bit" to make the Germans cry.

Unbiased (German) Reports.

My Paris gossip writes me a few illuminating examples of Prussian Kultur. Six Italian journalists, from Milan, Rome, Naples and Sicily, have been offered sixty francs a day and 2,000 francs travelling expenses by the German Government to visit Germany and Belgium and write an unbiased account of affairs in those countries. That is, an unbiased German account.

Plight of Brussels Babies.

An American woman journalist, a Miss Riley, who has often visited Europe to write accounts of prison life and to make reports upon conditions for the American Government, has just returned to Paris from Belgium. The accounts she brings back are hideous. In Brussels she found 150 babies dying each day for want of milk. She and five other women of different nationalities went to the German Acting Governor of Brussels and demanded milk for the children. The reply they received was that it was impossible. Further, that every baby, woman or child in Belgium was an enemy of Germany.

Kultur Always Kultur!

Miss Riley is a woman of determination. On receiving this reply she went straight to the post office and handed in a cable account of the governor's decision for America. For this she was arrested and detained, although subsequently the authorities thought it better to release her. As I said, illuminating side-lights these on the manners and customs of the unspeakable German.

The National Guard.

The City of London is forming a corps of the National Guard, I see, and already a uniform has been decided upon, apropos of which let me tell you a little story. Down at Southend, where they feel themselves very near to the Germans, there has been a corps of the National Guard in being for some time past. It is composed largely of City men, smart and well to do, who, so one of them told me yesterday, consider themselves rather a superior body of men.

They Led the Procession.

The ladies are determined to do things well, and they have organised a band, of which they are also proud. And it happened a few weeks since that a great parade was arranged through the Southend streets. The National Guard generously offered their band to play the assembly along. The parade was a huge success. It was led by the Guard; then came the band, the special constables and the soldiers. Everyone was delighted with the martial bearing of the stalwarts of Southend.

Such a Pity.

Now all but the select National Guard wear uniforms; they up to date parade in ordinary London-made clothes. And commenting on the procession to my friend—a terribly proud Guard—a dear old lady said: "How smart they all looked, special constables and all; but what a pity they let those unemployed walk in front of the band!" He is agitating hard for uniforms now.

Kind, but Indiscreet.

How seriously and heavily those Germans take a little indiscretion! I see in the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* that the following decree, which explains itself, has been published by the commander of the concentration camp at Goerlitz: "The three young women who ventured to send their photographs to the Russian prisoner of war, Corporal George Hirschberg, are requested to present themselves at Room 51 of the new barracks, where the commander of the prison camp will return them the photographs."

Threat of Exposure.

So far, so good. But the worthy soldier adds to his decree: "If they fail to do so their names will be published." The newspaper's comment on the escape of the three young women is that the commander would have done well to publish without further ado the names of these women who have thus disgraced their sex.

Navy Novelist and Soldier, Too.

I hear it has come as a surprise to the London Irish Rifles to learn from the papers that they have a celebrated author serving in their ranks. This is Patrick McGill, "the navy poet," whose novel, "Children of the Dead End," describing his early life as a navy, was one of the notable books of last season. He enlisted in the London Irish early in the war, and has now been drafted into the 1st Battalion. He is serving as a private, and proving himself a good soldier, too.

With Pen and Rifle.

Soldiers are not much given to literature, so that his comrades, beyond a dim knowledge that he has written books, know McGill as a quiet young rookie who seizes any odd moments of rest in a march or a field day to scribble pages in his notebook. More to the military point is the fine sequence of bulls which the author soldier scored when, for the first time, he went on the ranges to fire his recruit's course of musketry.

Invidious.

From the advertisement columns of a morning paper yesterday:—

A ROOM for a gentleman or a musician; comfortable home, terms moderate.

Why this harsh distinction?

Clock as Recruiting Sergeant.

There is an old watch and clock maker's shop opposite the Kennington Theatre which has for many years provided all passers-by with the correct time. Since the commencement of the war, however, this useful time-piece, which is fixed over the entrance, has changed its fate. The hands and figures are now obliterated by a piece of white paper which bears the words, "Time to join the Army."

All About "The Ditch."

The new "London Magazine" is out, anticipating the New Year, for it is the January number. It is full of stories and articles of war, one particularly interesting one dealing with "The Ditch," otherwise the Suez Canal, which no longer cuts through the territory of the Unspeakable Turk. "The Ditch" is likely to play even a greater part in our history in the near future than it has in the past, and the illustrations to this article help us to understand its position very clearly.

The Death Gamble.

The love of gambling is strongly implanted in most of us—how strongly I never realised until the other day, when chatting with a wounded gunner from the front. "We used to gamble on the next man to be killed," he said. "We'd get up a little sweepstake, draw names and—wait! There was always a favourite. I held that not altogether enviable position three times. But I disappointed my backers!"

Did Not Get His 15s.

"One day I noticed that a fellow a few yards away kept on turning round to look at me. He did it so often that at last I realised with a bit of a shock that he had drawn me in the sweepstake. He was waiting to see me tumble down with a bullet through me! It would have been worth 15s. to him!"

Hun Plays "Gooseberry."

A Dutch friend who is just back from Antwerp tells me that it is quite impossible for two Belgians to speak in the street without being joined by a German. The Huns insist on playing gooseberry and overhearing everything.

Football for the Front.

That fifth hundred is coming along. Up to the middle of the afternoon twenty balls had arrived and a promise of fifty in one batch. I had also received several donations of money. With the money received I am buying footballs to send away. So the total stands at the moment at 428 received, fifty promised and some money in hand to buy a few more.

478 Already.

That very generous promise of fifty comes from Lady Byron, who has already sent one batch of eleven balls. She writes me: "I will send you fifty more footballs just for luck." Luck for our soldiers, I think, to find so open-handed a friend. So we can really count that fifty into the total and call it 478. That leaves only twenty-two more to make the half thousand. I should like to find those twenty-two awaiting me on Sunday morning. What do you think about it?

Everyone Helping.

I could fill this page with quotations from letters of thanks or appreciation, or from kind readers who send along the reinforcements. Everyone is helping. Yesterday's post brought four Eton footballs from "Etonian," who had collected them at his glorious school, and two from the children of Shepperton Church School, bought with the money they would have spent on their Christmas festival. Instead of having the fun themselves they preferred to let "Tommy" have it. It is generous of them.

A Doll's House for the Fund.

And then I have another gift to acknowledge. A City resident—he doesn't wish me to give his name—spent two months some time ago in making this most wonderful doll's house. It is complete in every detail—electric



A wonderful doll's house, to be sold to buy footballs.

bells, papered walls, curtains which take down, real locks, gravel path and all. It is on view at Benetfink's, 107, Cheapside, and is to be sold to the highest bidder. Call and leave your bid, or send it by post, for the money is to go to buy footballs for "Tommy."

Let's Make It Six Hundred.

Did I say we wanted 500 footballs? Well, let's make it 600, since we get so much encouragement at home and from the trenches. Mr. Atkins, who wants a football, we won't disappoint you.

"Pygmalion."

Writing from Chicago, a correspondent tells me that the appearance of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Pygmalion" in that city, although looked forward to with the keenest anticipation in pork-packing circles, has proved a great disappointment. Chicago can see nothing in the play—there is not a word about pigs.

The Front as Health Resort.

Judging from the appearance of friends of mine who are back from the war for a few days, the front must be one of the healthiest places on earth, at least if you escape death or wounds. One of the holiday-makers, a gunner who has been in the thick of it for three months, astonished me particularly. He was always tall—6ft. 4in. or thereabouts—but his thinness was his own despair and the joke of all his friends. Twelve weeks of war have changed all that. Another three months, and his friends will mock at his obesity.

Too Much Food.

I made a playful remark to him about his incipient corpulence. "Can't help it," he said. "They overfed us. I've a childhood prejudice against throwing food away, and so I habitually eat too much."

THE RAMBLER.

The MAGIC MASCOTS

Mr. and Mrs. TOUCHWUD,

as supplied to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, are two of the luckiest Mascots.

They have a reputation of bringing good luck. We have noticed that of kinds of patriotic emblems are worn, and if you want something to give to your friend, relative, or who is serving at the front, you could not give anything better than a Mr. or Mrs. Touchwud for good luck. They are placed on a beautiful five-coloured card, showing Britannia in true colours, aeroplanes flying above, all kinds of Cross medals, a vase inside for corresponding purposes, and each one is packed in a beautiful Morocco leatherette box suitable to send anywhere as a Xmas present. You could not wish for anything better. Prices: In Silver, 1/6; 3-ct. Gold, 5/6.

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Waterloo...	12 17	London Bridge...	12 6
Canter Street...	12 22	Victoria...	12 10
London Bridge...	12 28	Holborn...	12 35
New Cross...	12 37	St. Paul's...	12 36
Arriving	a.m.	Hereford...	12 58
Sevenoaks...	1 18	Arriving	a.m.
Tonbridge...	1 21	Chatham...	1 0
Tunbridge...	1 34	Sittingbourne...	1 35
Wells...	2 23	Faversham...	1 35
Boxhill...	2 29	Whitby...	2 20
West St...	2 30	Herne Bay...	2 25
Leonards...	2 35	Birchington...	2 25
St. Leonards...	2 35	Westgate...	2 57
Hastings...	2 39	Margate W...	3 3
Paddock Wood...	2 43	Broadstairs...	3 13
Maidstone...	2 55	Rungby...	3 22
		Camberley...	3 27
		Kearney...	3 30
		Dover Ferry...	3 5
		Dover Ferry...	3 10
		Marlin Mill...	3 10
		Waltham...	3 15
		Folkstone Jc...	3 21
		Dover Ferry...	3 30

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains, at the Week-end Fares, for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—The Ordinary Sunday Service will run with certain Extra Trains.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26th.—Frequent Trains from VICTORIA, HOLBORN (LOW LEVEL) and LUDGATE HILL to the CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL STATION) and vice versa.

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British Destroyers Chase German Murderers: Photographs

CROWN Prince's Four
Children in Military
Uniform : : Picture

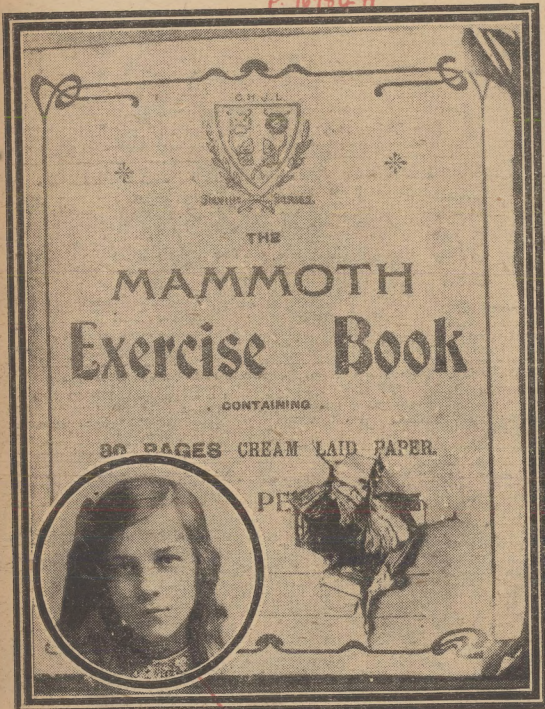
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BELGIAN Boys Who
Will Follow the Guns
in France : : Picture.

GIRL'S ESCAPE FROM SHELL..

P. 16784 A



Lily Bain, a Scarborough girl, aged ten, who was preparing to go to school when a fragment of shell pierced her bag and exercise-book. The pictures show the child, who had a wonderful escape, and the hole in the book.

HUSBAND OF CAMILLE CLIFFORD KILLED.

P. 16784 K



Captain the Hon. Henry Lyndhurst Bruce (Royal Scots), who has been killed in action. He was the eldest son and heir of Lord Aberdare, and was married in 1906 to Miss Camille Clifford, the well-known actress, who was the creator of the Gibson girl on the stage.—(Bassano.)

BIG GERMAN SHELLS WHICH DIDN'T EXPLODE.

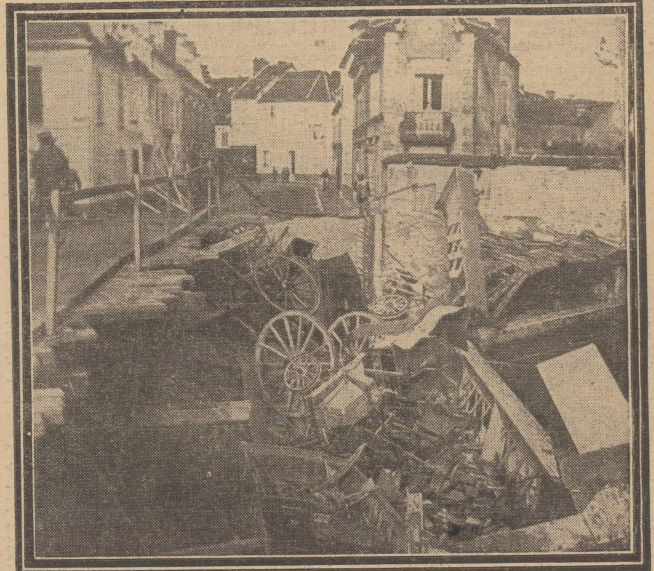
P. 11913



Two 12in. and two 6in. German shells which fell near Seaton Carew during the bombardment of the east coast. The bigger shells stand 2ft. 8in. high, and prove that big vessels were among the raiders.

ABYSS OF DEATH: GERMAN MOTORISTS' DOOM.

P. 11909 K



Unaware that this bridge had been blown up by the French, the Germans drove a motor-car into the wreckage at full speed. The occupants of the car, including dispatch bearers and Prussian officers, were all instantly killed.

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